For as the sucking child or harmlesse lamb,
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

Enter Suffolke.

How now Suffolke, where's our vnckle?

Suff. Dead in his bed, my Lord, Gloster is dead.

The King falls in a swoone.

Queene Ay me, the King is dead: help, help, my lords.

Suff. Comfort my Lord, gracious Henry, comfort.

King What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?
Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,
Can satisfie my griefes, or ease my heart?
Thou balefull messenger, out of my sight,
For euen in thy eie-balls murther sits,
Yet do not go: come Basaliske
And kill the seely gazer with thy lookes.

Queene Why do you rate my lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had causde Duke Humphreys death?
The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,
And you had best say that I did murther him.

King Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death.

Queene Be woe for me, more wretched then he was,
What dost thou turne away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leaper, looke on me,
Was I for this nie wrackt vpon the sea?
And thrice by aukward winds driuen backe from Englands (bounds,
What might it bode, but that well foretelling
Winds said, seeke not a scorpions neast.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke and Salsbury.

War. My lord, the Commons like an angry hiue of bees,
Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,
For good Humphreys death, whom they report
To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinal here.

King That he is dead (good Warwicke) is too true,
But how he died, God knowes, not Henry.

War. Enter his priuy chamber my lord, and view the body.

Good

6 sound. 15 thine eye-balls
5 from bottom from good Duke Humphreys